

## Starlit Path 127

### Chapter 127: A New Wheelchair Forged, A Thought Enters Hidden Body

\*East Yan River, Dragon Gate Realm\*

The Overlord stood on the floating island, hair swaying, muttering, “Who was it?” Someone had breached the Hidden Body Realm first, a blow to his competitive spirit. He’d faced North County’s fifty thousand troops alone and traded wounds for victory on the iron bridge, yet fell short. Now, another had surpassed him.

Was it Nie Changqing? Or Ning Zhao? They were the likeliest. Shaking his head, he accepted being a step behind. But early breakthroughs didn’t guarantee strength. Turning, he entered the palace beyond the floating island.

Unlike the eerie, death-laden crypt of Wolong Ridge, this palace exuded an immortal aura, with faint sandalwood and serene fragrance calming the mind. The Overlord frowned, hesitating before pushing open the doors. Darkness enveloped the interior, but as he entered, candles flared to life.

A white jade Eight Immortals table stood in the empty hall, adorned with three small boxes. His breath quickened. “Rewards for clearing the realm, like the cultivation method and ancient pill from Wolong Ridge.” These boxes held the prize. Hesitating, he opened one.

A rich medicinal scent wafted out, ancient text forming from the mist: “Qi-Gathering Pill: Enhances spiritual energy absorption, restores qi reservoir, accelerates cultivation. No side effects.” The text faded after a breath. His eyes lit up. Three pills lay within—rare treasures. He stored them carefully.

Opening the second box, a single round pill rested inside. “Explosive Qi Pill: Unleashes tenfold qi reservoir power for immense strength, ideal for cross-tier combat. Side effect: Temporary extreme weakness.” The Overlord inhaled sharply. Tenfold power? He could challenge even Young Master Lu with this. Tucking it away, he turned to the third.

The Qi-Gathering and Explosive Qi Pills were valuable, but not what he’d hoped for—aiding his Hidden Body breakthrough. Disappointed, he opened the final box. “Body-Building Pill: Unlocks human potential, enabling Hidden Body Realm entry. Side effect: Weakens cultivation aptitude.”

His eyes narrowed. A pill to reach Hidden Body? Eagerly, he plucked the azure pill, ready to swallow it, but froze. The news of another’s breakthrough had rattled him. “Weakens aptitude? Is Hidden Body worth sacrificing my potential?” he asked himself.

No. It wasn’t. Storing the pill, he decided to save it for Mo Mingsang if she couldn’t break through naturally. Eight Dragon Gates likely held eight such pills, creating eight Hidden Body cultivators—but those reliant on pills would be the weakest, their power fleeting like clouds. The table now empty, he left the palace, glancing at the grand palace beyond, linked to all eight gates. Its aura made his blood surge; something terrifying slept within.

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\*North Luo, Lakeheart Island\*

Lu was surprised the Overlord resisted the Body-Building Pill. Had he taken it, Lu wouldn’t have interfered—choices had consequences. Turning to his rewards, he studied the Artifact Refining Manual and Dragon Blood Pill Refining Manual. Like the Qi-Gathering Pill Refining Manual, they intrigued him, especially artifact refining. Could it craft spiritual tools like his Mysterious-rank spiritual pressure board, which amplified cultivators’ strength?

His mind delved into the Artifact Refining Manual

. Text flashed in his eyes, his white robe swaying like seaweed. "Refining artifacts..." he murmured, a complex art as challenging as pill-making. Entering the Preaching Platform, he practiced, conjuring metal ores and forging them with soul strength and spiritual energy, hammering them with precision.

After countless successes and failures, he sat amid scattered hiltless short swords. Crafting a thousand, he opened his eyes, satisfied. With a snap, his soul strength surged, and the blades whirled, forming a silver dragon that stacked into a radiant wheelchair. Each blade was a low-grade Yellow-rank spiritual tool, upgradable with time and energy.

Exiting the platform, he sat by the red railing, lake breeze stirring his hair. On White Jade Capital's second-floor terrace, he pointed, soul strength surging. Silver light flared, and a thousand blades materialized, forming the wheelchair. Sitting upon it, he draped a wool blanket over his legs, leaning back elegantly, one hand on his chin, the other tracing the armrest. He turned to the Dragon Blood Pill Refining Manual.

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\*Daoist Sect, Bamboo Grove\*

Nie Changqing, carrying the nun, radiated rising aura, fallen bamboo leaves swirling around him like a whirlwind. His hair danced, eyes blazing. Li Sansui, watching from afar, felt immense pressure. "So strong," she thought. Was he breaking through?

His emotions surged. Though he'd claimed any ending sufficed, five years of waiting burned within. Yet, with his wife alive, he felt fortunate. The untying of his heart's knot brought clarity, a spiritual ascension. Suppressed from the inn's letter to storming the sect, he'd teetered on losing control. Now, with her on his back, he felt unmatched peace.

Xie Yunling, the hunched Daoist Master, observed him. "Five years, and this stubborn boy has grown." Today, their grievances would end. A peer to Kong Xiu and Mo Beike, Xie Yunling faced Nie to settle old scores. "A cultivator..." he smiled, his bony hand dancing like a lute player's, spiritual energy surging. He'd long studied it.

"This move was for Young Master Lu," he said. "But try it."

Bamboo leaves formed circular patterns before him, like mystic runes drawn with spiritual energy. Nie patted his wife's trembling back. "For the Young Master?" His knife spun, aura erupting. Stepping forward, clouds churned above, and bamboo bent under his pressure.

His bones cracked, and in that moment, he saw his organs, blood flowing, qi surging. "Hidden Body..." he whispered. A thought had propelled him into the realm. His knife slashed, spiritual energy forming a solid blade. It cleaved Xie Yunling's array and the bamboo hut behind him, leaves sliced in half, fluttering down.

Xie Yunling, face flushed, staggered back five steps, coughing blood onto the bamboo. Silence fell. Nie's voice rose: "For the Young Master? This is far from enough."